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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, JULY 24, 1902. NUMBER 21

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL SKETCHING CLASS

Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter's tentative announcement of a class from August 18th to August 29th is hereby made positive and definite. Mrs. Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago, will be on the ground on the above dates and the class will be organized. Those wishing to join are requested to correspond either with Mrs. Carter, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, or Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Spring Green, Wis.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL WORK.

This School grew up around a "Six Years' Course in Religion" for Sunday School workers —now expanded into seven years. It has now reached the sixth year of the second time around, viz., the Growth of Christianity. This field was traversed in 1896 by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker. This year the work will be based upon stenographic reports of Mr. Jones's talks given before his Normal Class at All Souls Church, Chicago, and which he used in his Sunday School and Bible Classes during the year just closed. If the class so elect, instead of crowding the work into one week of an hour and a half sessions, it will be distributed through the five weeks, twenty-five half hours, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock, with an intermission of ten minutes before the poetry studies that will follow, shortened into one hour periods.

The Growth of Christianity.

Being the sixth years' work in the seven years' course in Religion. Stepping-stones across fourteen Christian centuries.

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Eliot.

The aim will be to give a sympathetic view of the struggles of Christianity with ignorance and wickedness from the without, and fanaticism, bigotry and priest-craft from the within, from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

Acknowledgment is made to Prof. F. A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, who furnished the first outline and list of books, also to Prof. Williston Walker, of the Yale Divinity School, and Prof. O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for additional suggestions and comment that proved valuable in the preparation.

Maps, charts, pictures and stereopticon slides will be used as freely as possible.

I. Ignatius. d. 104-117.
"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

II. Justin Martyn. d. about 163.
The casting of life into speculative systems. Gnostics, etc.

III. Origen. 185-253.
Early Christian philosophy.

IV. The Three Creeds. 325, 381, 451.
The great controversies.

V. The Emperor Julian. 331 (?)-363.
Dying Paganism at its best.

VI. Jerome. 340(?)-420.
The rise of monasticism.

VII. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
The dream of a Christian commonwealth.

VIII. St. Patrick. 396(?)-469(?).
The great missionaries—Ulfilas, Columba, Augustin, etc.

IX. St. Benedict. 480-553.
The "rule" of St. Benedict and its ideal.

X. Gregory I (The Great). 540(?)-604.
The rise of the papacy. Transition to mediaeval religion.

XI. Mohammed. 570-632.
The birth of a sister religion. Another triumph of monotheism.

XII. Charlemagne. 742-814.
Crowned Emperor 800. The founder of the "Holy Roman Empire."

XIII. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
The great English king; the father of English literature.

XIV. Hildebrand. 1020(?)-1085.
"A great politician, who knew how to use one power against another"—J. H. Crooker.

XV. Abelard. 1079-1142.
The rise of intellectual activity.

XVI. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
Abelard's antagonist. A stout Churchman who feared such a free use of reason.—Crooker.

XVII. The Legends of King Arthur.
The rise of chivalry and feudalism.

XVIII. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
A contagion of fanaticism. The permanent value of earnestness. Peter the Hermit. Children's crusades, etc.

XIX. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226.
The brother of the birds and fishes.

XX. Cathedral Building.
Examples—Strasburg and St. Davids.

XXI. Dante. 1265-1321.
Before this name the nations bow;
His words are for all of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow.
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.
—T. W. Parsons, on a bust of Dante.

XXII. Tauler. 1300(?)-1361.
"The Friends of God."

XXIII. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
The morning stars of the Reformation.

XXIV. The Black Death and Its Effects. Fourteenth Century.
Nature will not be trifled with.

XXV. Thomas a Kempis. 1380(?)-1471.
"The imitation of Christ."

XXVI. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
A study of persecution. The Waldenses.

XXVII. The University of Prague. 1438.
A study of schools. The rise of universities.

XXVIII. Columbus. 1446(?)-1506.
A new view of the world.

XXIX. Savonarola. 1452-1498.
Christianity in politics.

XXX. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
The Renaissance.

XXXI. More's Utopia. 1516.
A dream of a new social order.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1902. NUMBER 21

William Newton Clarke.

"For Love it prayeth, and also
Commandeth me, that it be so."

I.

Through eager years and long he searched for truth;
And saw its white and ruddy hand ne'er fail
To beckon him and courage give, when pale
With lonely striving he else had lost
The star his God had set devoted youth.
And now he gladly bends beneath the yoke
Of time so spent, of life full given in love
To what anointed Ones hath e'er bespoke
For those, who yet hath meager skill to prove.
His spirit stirred within him, he light hath seen,
Where others note but dark, forbidding ground;
While all the deep communion him between
And God, hath his bright soul unholden found.

II.

A story comes from far-off East, wherein
A pearl is set; upon whose face the man
Who looks with faith intense and deep, doth force,
In God's good time, its spirit free; which, then,
O'er him who looks, doth brood with vital power,
Until, all unexpectedly, his heart
Absorbs, to thence forever keep. So, now,
To him whose eye through all the years upon
The priceless Pearl hath been so keenly fixed—
O'er him hath winged its very soul of love,
And brooded with such strong and gracious will,
That now his heart doth hold its vital peace,—
And face doth finely glow with light divine.

III.

Upon this face we look thus trustingly.
And time is not, before its spirit free,
Doth so imbue our souls, that warmly now
We take to self its Christlike strength and peace;
For which, our steadied hearts may never cease
To swell with love's return; because this Face
The Pearl reflects, through one dynamic vow,
To know the soul of Truth's abiding grace.

—SMITH BAKER.

To the Editor of UNITY.

Dear Sir: I send herewith an item of news concerning one well known in the religious world, and I trust you will agree with me that it is sufficiently interesting because of its unusualness to deserve notice and perhaps comment.

An event seldom if ever paralleled occurred in the village of Hamilton, N. Y., on the evening of July 3, when nearly 125 of the solid business men and citizens of the town gathered about a banquet board to do honor to a *professor of theology*. That professor was Rev. William Newton Clarke, D. D., professor of theology in Hamilton Theological Seminary, writer of "An Outline of Christian Theology," "What Shall We Think of Christianity?" and other well-known books; and the occasion was his return after a year's absence abroad.

No better testimony could be given to the affectionate esteem in which this teacher is held by his townsmen than this celebration attended by representatives of every walk of life and of every shade of religious opinion. At least there is one prophet who has honor in his own country, and when such honor is accorded a member of a profession which is frequently charged with being somewhat removed from the democratic life of the world, the event is all the more worthy of chronicle. I am, yours cordially,

HERBERT A. JUMP.

Congregational Church Pastor's Study, Hamilton, N. Y., July 5, 1902.

The increase of prices in the commercial world is an indication of the increase of resources. A growth in income necessarily implies relative growth in expenses, of which the wise do not complain. But there is an unwise and unjust administration of funds that keeps the generosities and the higher interests on the economic basis of hard times while good times flourish. The dollar subscription of four years ago should in all fairness be a dollar and a quarter subscription of today, because the dollar and a quarter is more easily obtained now than the dollar then, and the dollar and a quarter will not buy as much now as the dollar would then.

The June number of the *Elementary School Teacher* now published by the University of Chicago press, lies before us. It is a memorial number to Col. Francis W. Parker. It contains memorial addresses, letters, telegrams, etc. It is a fitting exhibit of the wide respect and loving loyalty of the ever increasing constituency who were honored in his friendship and were loyal to his leadership.

The death of Archbishop Feehan of Chicago is an event that will be felt far beyond the confines of the Roman Catholic church, of which he was a faithful prelate. His name will be propagated in many ways, but most benignant will it be remembered in the name of "Feehanville", the name given to the village that has grown around the St. Mary's Training School for Boys, situated some eighteen miles out of the city of Chicago on a farm of nine hundred acres, which at the present time has a constituency of two hundred and eighteen boys, the rejected remnants of child life in the city of Chicago. Father Feehan conceived this school on generous lines long before he was invested with arch Episcopal honors. The privileges of the school were not limited to race or sect and it is only the expediency of courts and humane agencies that in later years has largely confined its privileges to children born of Catholic parents. Blessed is the memory of the man that is enshrined in the hearts of friendless boys.

The nomination of Robert La Follette to succeed himself as Governor of Wisconsin at the State Republican convention recently held in Madison, is a most hopeful indication of the times. La Follette's nomination was a most triumphant expression of the reform and independent element in the Republican party of Wisconsin. His nomination rests upon the agitation of years; the issue was a clear one—a radical reform of political primaries and of more searching and just taxation laws. The so-called "stalwarts" accepted the issue, fought it on its merits, and were beaten by the great farmer class in Wisconsin. Even the name of the popular and talented Senator Spooner had no spell adequate to check these emancipated hosts in Wisconsin. Just now the eyes of all those interested in civic reform in the United States of America may well be turned towards Wisconsin. If, as is altogether probable, the November elections will endorse the nominations of July, Governor La Follette will be in a position to set an epoch-making mark in the political history of the United States.

The ten days' sojourn of the Rev. Albert Lazenby at the Tower Hill Summer School was an event fraught with pleasure and profit both to the transient resi-

dents on the Hill and the permanent residents of the neighborhood who have learned to profit by the privileges of this Summer School. Henceforth the Pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, will be named in the apostolic succession of prophetic voices that have spoken words of tenderness and courage for and from this School of Nature and of the Spirit. The list which contains the names of William Gannett, Henry Maxon, John Learned, R. L. Herbert, H. M. Simmons, Frederick Hugenholz, J. H. Crooker, J. L. Duncan, Rabbi Hecht and many others, now ends with the name of Albert Lazenby. Two sermons, the last given in Unity Chapel in the Valley, two Sunday evening vesper readings and two week night interpretations represent his contribution. His literary interpretations were of Barrie and Ian McLaren. Mr. Lazenby, though an Englishman, has through a fourteen years' pastorate in Glasgow gained complete mastery of the elusive dialect of the glen of Drumtochty and adjacent parts. In addition to this he brings a sympathetic heart and an intelligent mind, and, most essential of all, a deep appreciation of the scriptural values of modern literature. He is persuaded that "the word of God is not bound," that the race of prophets is not extinct, and that there are biblical possibilities in the best of modern literature. Happy are the people who are to sit under the ministrations of the man who is thus persuaded. Mr. Lazenby's ministry must be a growing one, and the experience of the residents of Tower Hill and vicinity is to be duplicated in many places and in many ways as his life is continued and his power is known and understood.

Ethical Propositions in Resorting.

This number of UNITY will come into the hands of many who have made, or are just on the point of making, their annual hegira. Dwellers on the mountain will revel in the infinite variety and salt savor of the sea. Those in whose ears run forever the ceaseless rhythm of the ocean's surf will woo the restful majesty of the mountains. No denizen of the city but longs to exchange its hot and dusty streets for the shade and green and coolness of country upland or valley or lakeside. Thus the summer outing is rapidly becoming a vast national institution. As such, it is capable of evil commensurate with its possibilities for good. No such great popular movement is possible without marked effects in many and unsuspected ways.

It is a saddening revelation of the superficial character of much of our boasted modern civilization that those very classes which, by virtue of position, wealth, opportunity and privilege, presumably represent humanity at its flower, give the thoughtful and observant most cause to dread the results of their summer sojournings. Prominent among things to be regretted is the wanton or thoughtless robbery of nature. As the Alpine edelweiss has been practically exterminated by rapacious tourists, so many rare and beautiful native plants have been nearly, if not wholly, extirpated along our New England coasts by the annual inundation of cottagers and summer boarders. Protective associations seem able to do little more than advertise a spoliation which they are powerless to prevent. Scenery is marred, trees are defaced, and a destruction of plant life is steadily going on, by every river, lake and hillside, throughout the length and breadth of our land, in those very nooks where nature at present most winsomely invites. These places denuded of their special charm, rifled of their choicest beauties, how long before the generations to follow will find themselves defrauded of their birthrights in these, Mother Nature's gifts in common to all her children? Can our generation ethically justify itself in thus squandering a heritage-in-trust?

Besides the flowers, the trees, and the charming retreats that suffer, there are the tiny wild creatures whose shy grace and happy voices add such a witchery to the tired worker's days of recreation. All have a common right in them, not to destroy nor frighten from their native haunts, but to cherish and enjoy. Yet already many localities are altogether deprived of sundry species. The songs of some varieties of birds have been hushed forever and the landscape will always lack the picturesque quality that had been lent by their gay plumage. The boy's sling-shot and air gun and the sportsman's breech-loader are yearly encroaching upon the numbers that remain. The harmless little animals that live in the woods and secluded places are continuously hunted out and exterminated or driven away. By these means the forests and the meadows are being robbed of much of their specific attraction and irreparable loss inflicted upon all who are to come after.

Worse still, however, are the consequences as they are beginning to be manifested upon our fellowmen. Into countless communities simple, straightforward, God-fearing, Sabbath-observing, honest, obliging, satisfied with their position and lot, come the hordes of amusement seekers and the crowds intent solely upon a "good time," demanding attendance and service. The Sabbath-keeping spirit vanishes; with loss of opportunity goes lost desire for church-going; thoughtful neighborliness gives place to rivalry and greed. The summer-tide recedes as autumn approaches, and the community is left with its ideals degraded, its standards lowered and its sturdy qualities and contentment replaced by unrest and a fascinated desire for the frivolities of a fashionable world whose glitter has dazzled, but whose holiness has not been seen. Are not those who thus seize upon and dominate these rural populations under bond to society not to cause them thus to deteriorate and deprecate in social worth as the result of such association?

Still more specifically, in very many resorts the hotel dining room and chamber help consists of students in colleges and universities. These young people are struggling for an education and a nobler quality and richer endowment of life. How strong is the ethical obligation that those whom these eager spirits accept as typical products of leisure, wealth and culture shall not betray their confidence in humanity nor debase their noble hopes and aspirations by plainly evidencing that this privileged class is largely given over to snobbery and selfishness!

In packing for your summer outing, then, take your

hammock and tennis racquet and golf clubs, but do not overlook your kindliness, unselfishness and regard for the rights of nature and your fellowmen. These, not those, are what make the resorter always, everyway and everywhere a blessing to the resort.

GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE.

Co-Education and the Chicago American.

This paper receives a large share of contempt from the "proper and becoming" citizens of Chicago. It does use extravagantly tall letters and is often "loud" in its headlines and perhaps reckless in its matter, but let the truth be confessed and "the devil have his dues." The *Chicago American* is not only independent, sometimes where independence is much needed, but it is also fearless and outspoken sometimes when its contemporaries seem, to say the least, prudent in their discreet silence. The editorial department of the *Chicago American* has oftentimes compelled the admiration of those who deplored some of its methods.

This paper, recognizing the far-reaching significance of the reactionary movement in the Chicago University towards the segregation of the sexes, has devoted special attention to the development of the discussion and in a spirit worthy the high problem involved. It is now publishing a series of replies to the following three questions which it is sending out to the leading educators of the country:

First—Does co-education lower academic standards?

Second—Is co-education justified by experience?

Third—Does co-education discourage attendance of young men at coeducational institutions?

In answer to the above questions we have before us the following replies:

From Asariah S. Root, Acting Dean Oberlin College:

Oberlin College has had nearly seventy years' experience in co-education, having been the first college to introduce that method of education.

1. It has not been our experience that co-education lowers academic standards, but rather that it improves them.

2. Our experience warrants the statement that co-education, carried on with such safeguards as are employed here, is entirely justified by experience.

3. Co-education does not seem to have affected the attendance of young men at this institution. In our college department for some years back the percentage of young men has been slowly increasing.

From Benjamin Andrews, Chancellor of Nebraska:

As I have observed co-education at Cornell, the University of Nebraska and in the graduate department of Brown University, it does not lower academic standards or discourage the attendance of young men. I think the system on the whole emphatically justified by experience.

From W. C. Spangler, Acting Chancellor State University of Kansas:

1. The University of Kansas is closing thirty-six years of education. Our standard has never taken cognizance of any difference between men and women. Co-education has not affected the standard of work.

2. Co-education at the University of Kansas has entirely justified itself. No one here would think of changing the present status. We regard association of sexes in education as much a matter of course as in the home, church, business and society. Men and women improve by association in education as in all things.

3. We believe there is no disposition on the part of the men here to object to the presence of their sisters in any department. Have not heard of men going elsewhere because of the presence of women. The people of Kansas believe heartily in co-education.

THE PULPIT.

Americanism: Philosophy of Freedom.

A Sermon as preached by Rev. Hiram W. Thomas at All Souls Church, Chicago, June 22, 1902.

With freedom did Christ set us free. Gal. 5:1.

The nature of man is one; and yet it is dual, or double. We think and speak of this quality in ourselves and others, as body and mind, flesh and spirit. And we are conscious of these two natures in ourselves; conscious of a physical body with its needs, its pleasures and pains; conscious of minds related to truth, to reason and beauty, and of a moral sense relating us to right and duty. And yet all these powers, senses and affections constitute our one being.

In this dual nature, one side or the other is generally in the foreground of consciousness, and whichever is in the ascendency, the life will go out upon corresponding lines. And these lines are many on both sides. The carnal, or flesh, man may go to the appetites, to eating or drinking; may go to the carnal passions, to sports, to pride of dress, or luxury of wealth, or ambitions of power. And so, the soul side in the ascendency, may go to science, philosophy, art, philanthropy; then may be carried on and up to worship, to prayer and the whole life of religion.

In all ages the life of man has been a struggle, a struggle for individual existence; and by the necessity of associate effort, or individuals working together for common ends, this struggle has become social in the life of nations. It is the body or flesh life on one side and the mind or soul life on the other.

These are never wholly separated, for as in the individual you cannot separate soul and body in life; so in the larger associate life of society, the flesh side and the soul side are bound together; but as in the individual, the one or the other is generally in the ascendency.

But as both are parts of the one life of the individual, there is between them no necessary antagonism; there should be the perfect harmony of the one perfect being. And so in the social order, there is not in the nature of things any necessary conflict, but rather the conditions of a perfect accord in the proper balance of all the powers of a people.

This individual and associate life of a world objectionises itself in the two general forms of government and religion, under the general head of government and religion, under the general head of moral and civil laws. The industries—homes and schools, war or peace; under the thought of religion, looking to the social side of being, rest upon, are rooted in and rise up to the idea of God as the source of all; and hence, of conscience toward God, responsibility to God, as well as to man.

The facts and struggles of governments and religions have filled all history; and as the life of man is one—as soul and body united; so these struggles of governments and religions have involved the whole social order of industry, peace or war.

And at bottom the many divisions and contentions, conflicts and wars, may all be classified under the two general heads of imperialism on the one side and democracy on the other. The fundamental idea of imperialism is that of command, of authority exercised over others; imposed upon them. That of democracy, is the right of a people to rule themselves; a self-imposed government.

These fundamental conceptions are not only antagonistic; they are mutually exclusive. Where one obtains, the other cannot be; if one is in the essence of things right, the other must be wrong.

And not only this; philosophically they rest upon

fundamentally different conceptions as to the essential nature of man; what man is. And as we take our stand on the one side or the other of the essential nature of man, we logically go to that side in government and in religion. If we say that, at best, man is but a rational animal, and to be ruled as such, then we are on the side of might, the rule of the strongest, that the fact of might carries with it the right—if there be any such thing as right—to rule. It is the survival of the strongest. That is imperialism in both government and religion.

If we say that man is in his essential being a spirit, is related to God, is the child of God, then his appeal and his responsibility must be to God. He is and must be free, and must not interfere with the freedom of others.

With each one responsible to God these free beings may impose upon themselves a form of government, but no other people or country has the right to impose upon them a government. That is democracy, in both government and religion.

Philosophically, this is the bottom question or fact, it is the pivotal point upon which depends the right or the wrong of despotism or liberty, of imperialism or democracy.

And at bottom again it is a question of theology, of anthropology, or what man is, and hence a question of religion, and it is in this light that we are now making this passing study of the philosophy of freedom and the genius of Americanism. Such a study will take us into the field of history and theology.

The government of the Jewish republic, before it became a kingdom under Saul, was distinctively a theocracy, a government of God. Abraham went forth at the call of the Lord; Moses was the divinely appointed leader in the exodus, or going out from Egypt; he gave the law of God on Sinai. Everything was from the Lord; and this meant that man was, in his essential nature, so like the Lord that he could know the Lord and do the will of the Lord.

And when the Jews became a kingdom, still their allegiance to the law of God was emphasized and the prophets were recognized as the teachers, revealers of the Divine will, and hence reproved the wrong done by kings. And when one looks into the sociology of Judaism, the laws governing the rights of the laborer and his ownership of property, and the care for the poor, for the individual, are wonderfully just and merciful.

Of all the people of history, the Jews are easily the most wonderful; they have stood by the cradles and the tombs of kingdoms and empires; they have wept by all rivers; have suffered persecutions, banishments, tortures and death; but in spite of all they live, not as a nation—they have no country they can call their own—but scatterd everywhere. They have been the friends of liberty, the witnesses to God and righteousness; to the dignity and brotherhood of man as the child of God. They are, in spite of all persecutions, the representative scholars and bankers of the world. The Jews have stood by and at bottom rested and builded upon eternal principles, and if some of the people boasting now in their pride and power are not careful, the Jews will stand by the tombs of other empires.

But now, notice this fact. In this religious development, or as a means to it, Judaism as a theocracy became a burdensome system of rites and ceremonies, a vast eternal symbolism in which the inner meaning and life were obscured, almost lost, by priestly formalism, the republican theocracy became a kingdom—was ruled by kings—the kingdom divided, at last fell, and temple and kingdom were lost.

It was into this formalized life of the waning power and religion that the Christ came with the simple, but sublime truths of the soul and God; of man as the child of God; the kingdom of heaven within. Such great truths could not be tolerated by the priestly religion of ceremonial laws and worship; the Great Teacher must be put to death. But that death was the resurrection of life, the life of the spirit that rose up out of the dead body of forms. "Christ is the end of the law"—the ceremonial law—"for righteousness." "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth nor uncircumcision; but a new creature;" a new life; the essential man, the soul quickened, born of God. Jesus called himself the "Son of man;" something larger than Jew or Greek; he stood for man as man, for man in the image of God, the child of God, for the kingdom of humanity.

And it was precisely of this great and all-inclusive truth of life, that Paul says: "With freedom did Christ set us free." *For* freedom did Christ set us free. It is only this great principle, the divine right of man as the child of God, that can break the chains of slavery, of sin, of imposed imperialism, and set free and character in freedom; the freedom of justice, and of the brotherhood of love our struggling, warring world.

And now, one may follow the philosophy of this great fundamental fact and principle in its working through the ages that have followed.

The first few and great centuries of Christianity were largely in the enthusiasm and power of the life of God in the soul. But these were also the centuries of Greek thought; it was the reawakening also of the old prophetic life of religion as righteousness; the life of God and man. And under Greek thinking all this had to have a more definite statement of the underlying thoughts and principles.

As you know the republics of Greece and Rome had fallen; under the Caesars the empire had become supreme; the growing power of Christianity had made it a political expedient for the empire under Constantine to become Christian, and the Council of Nice was called to settle the fundamental principles, the constitution, as it were, of the religio-political empire.

There was never such a council on earth before. From far and near came the hard-working, the often suffering and battle-scarred bishops. The nature of the Christ was the great question to be decided, and on that decision rested at last the fundamental principle which philosophically and in fact was to determine the destiny of a world.

The question was: Is the nature of the Christ the same as the nature of God; or is it only in some way like it? And philosophically and theologically the decision affected the related question of the essential nature of man.

The council declared that the Christ was of one substance with the Father; very God of God; begotten, not made. It was the old Homoiousian controversy that Christ was of the same nature as the Father, against the Homoiousian; or that the nature of Christ was the same, only like that of the Father.

The tremendous significance, the logic, was that this definition touched also the essential nature of man. If man is not the same as God in kind, then he cannot, in the deepest sense, know God; if he is not the child of God, then he may be ruled by outside authority; he has no "inalienable rights." That is the basis of imperialism.

If man in nature is the same in kind as the Father, then he can know God; he is a son in the family of the Father, and as such has his inalienable rights, and all men are brothers and are to be governed by reason and right, by a self-imposed government. That is the very essence of democracy, or republicanism.

Constantine, the emperor, saw the deep significance of this debate, saw that to make the nature of Christ

and of man the same as that of the Father was to negate, take away the very foundations of imperialism. Hence his influence was given to the Arian side of the debate that gave the Christian a lower nature. His successor did the same, and Julian, the apostate, openly broke faith with Christianity.

Judaism and Christianity are forever bound by their conception of man and God to the democracy of government and religion. The church of God, Jewish and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, if it understands itself, knows what it is in principle, must be for freedom. And historically the church of God has been on the side of liberty as against despotism.

But it may be said: What of religious persecutions? They were but semi-religious, the results of a religio-political state—church and state united and of darkened and perverted ideas of religion. Religion is love, the justice of love, the liberty of love, and hence cannot persecute.

It was from its opposition to Imperialism to imperialism that Romanism affirmed and sought the supremacy of the church over the empire. It was the faith and feeling that man, as a spiritual being, should be ruled by spiritual powers.

But under Augustine there was a sad departure from the doctrine of the Nicean Creed in reference to man. The Latin accretions of the Fall, of total depravity and substitutional atonement and endless punishment became the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. These accretions were not taught in the Apostles' or the Nicean creeds; they had no place in the Greek interpretations of Christianity; they lowered the dignity of man, made him by nature wholly sinful, born in corruption and under sentence of condemnation; and this laid the foundation for and made possible the hierarchical priesthood and the mechanical or regulative salvation built upon it. And in these essentials of theology, Romanism and orthodox Protestantism are at one.

Hence, like Judaism of old, Romanism, in attempting a spiritual rule, surrendered the simple teachings, life and religion of the Christ with a vast material symbolism and liturgy; it separated the clergy from the people by creating a hierarchy with the pope as the head. Romanism, like royalty in government, centered all religious authority in the clergy; they alone were divinely appointed to form a church, to formulate a creed and liturgy; the church controlled the sacraments and the means of grace; religion became official; the people had no approach to God, save through this official church.

In this way the people were deprived of their national and spiritual rights; the children of earth were shut off from the Father in heaven. It was against this officialism, this centralization and denial of the religious rights of man, that the individualism of the sixteenth century burst forth in the Reformation. Luther appealed from the authority of the church, to God; claimed the universal rights of the children of earth to go directly to the Father in heaven. That appeal, rested upon the oneness of the Christ and of the essential nature of man, with God; and that appeal sounded again the death knell of imperialism.

Protestantism meant and affirmed the rights of reason and conscience in religion; but the exercise of these rights resulted in the division of the church into many sects, and often the confusion of beliefs.

Against these confusions of faith, Romanism went forward with the hierarchical idea of the priesthood and finally affirmed the infallibility of the pope.

Both Romanism and Protestantism felt the need of larger agreement in matters of faith, and feared the weakening effects of differences in belief. And this, on the ground that the sameness of truth—the sanity of reason itself, and of right—called for the law—unity of mankind.

And what has been the result? Protestantism has sought to bind the faith of the past upon the future, and the Protestant churches find that the people are slipping away from the old orthodoxy; do not, cannot believe many of its statements. And Romanism is finding that the infallible utterances of a pope even cannot pass unchallenged this test of enlightened reason. Galileo was imprisoned and Bruno burned, but the truths of science are marching on.

And what does this mean? It is still felt that the sanity of reason calls for universal agreements in the rational and moral order of a world. But we are beginning to see that this can be possible only in the largest freedom of the reason and conscience—not by imperialism in either government or religion, but in the democracy of both, where every mind and heart walks in the largest light of liberty. The reason of man is itself a growth, and as we go forward to the manhood of a world, childish things must be left behind.

And then, religion is more than intellectual agreements; it is a life of the justice of love; it is a brotherhood of the glad service of love; and as our world comes into this blessed life love will make us one in the great love of man and God; and as the years go by our world will reach the great agreements of truth; the sanity of reason and right will be justified.

All this agitation, formed of the larger reason and liberty was poured into the life of the old world, and naturally and quickly found its way to this new land between the oceans. The minds and hearts made brave and strong in the battles for freedom came to these shores to find a home of the free.

The council of Nice was held in A. D. 325; on the 4th of July, 1776, in this land was sent forth the next great world-declaration of the principles of liberty. The Nicean creed had affirmed the oneness of the natures of man and God; the Declaration of Independence affirmed the political rights of man under the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God."

These are immortal words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The world waited, suffered 1,451 years from the council of Nice, in Asia, for the Declaration of Independence in America. The one is the theological foundation in the very nature of man and God; the other is the political and philosophical declaration of the self-evident truths of the equality of the rights of man before the laws of nature and God. And in these two great affirmations are the final foundations—the theology and the philosophy of freedom. The earth may grow old and cold and die, but these are facts and principles in the deepest reality of the real; in the very nature of man and God; and hence are eternal.

This is the genius, the heart of Americanism. Its very life is rooted in and rises up out of the essential nature of man being in kind the same as the nature of God. Hence we affirm—must affirm—the "inalienable rights of man;" "government by the consent of the governed." Democracy and imperialism are mutually exclusive; where the one is the other cannot be. And the democracy of government and religion go together; they rest upon the same essential principles of freedom; hence we stand—must stand—for the rights of reason and conscience in faith and worship.

With freedom; for freedom Christ has made us free in the high conception and rights of man as the

child of God. And the sanity of reason and righteousness binds us to social justice and religious Catholicity.

From our high ground and vision of the universal fatherhood and brotherhood, the distinctions of race and color, and the accidents of wealth or poverty are lost in the great light and life of the infinite justice and love. We are human beings before we are Jews or Christians, Catholics of Protestants.

And from this exalted vision, might must give place to right; the survival of the strongest is the law of evolution in the material; and it is pleaded in support of the imperialism of force, of the strong subduing the weak; but up in the higher world of the "Republic of God," of souls, and of the evolution of moral qualities, is the great law of life and love; not of self-caring alone, but of other-caring; the reciprocities of mercy, kindness, helpfulness, the strong bearing the burdens of the weak. That is the life, the suffering love of God; that is the Christ in the manger and on the cross. And that is the one, the universal, religion of the life of God in the soul of man.

Gathered between these oceans in this new world are the peoples of all lands, of all nations, all governments and faiths and form of worship. O that we may see more clearly and guard with care the principles, and lift higher the ideals of the freedom of justice and the religion of love.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XLI.

The Boy David.

Samuel had now to find a new man for a king over Israel. As yet, however, we take it for granted that the people still clung to Saul, and we are quite sure that Saul would not have been ready to step down and let somebody else become king in his place. But Samuel knew that this had to be just the same. It was only a matter of time, and then the reign of Saul would come to an end, and a new man become king over Israel. I suppose Samuel felt very unhappy over all this, because he was much less sure now that a realy good man could be found, inasmuch as he had thought that Saul was going to make a good king, and would be a man who could be trusted, and would serve the people and set them an example of obedience. But, as we are told, the Lord said to Samuel: "Fill thine horn with oil and go; I will send thee to Jesse at Bethlehem, and there thou shalt find a king among his sons." And Samuel said: "How can I go? If Saul hear it, he will kill me." But he was told to go, nevertheless. And Samuel did that which the Great Ruler commanded and came to Bethlehem; and the elders of the city came to meet him and said, "Comest thou peaceably?" and he said, "Peaceably."

Then he found Jesse and called him and the sons of Jesse to sacrifice before the Lord. As yet Samuel did not know which one of the sons would become the king. One after the other stood before him, and he waited to decide.

When the first son appeared, Samuel thought that this was to be the one; but the Great Ruler said to Samuel: "Look not upon his countenance, or upon his stature, because I have rejected him. The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Then Jesse called the next son and made him pass before Samuel, and Samuel said: "This is not the one." Then again the third son came, and the third son was rejected. And so Jesse made seven of his sons pass before Samuel, and Samuel said to Jesse: "The Lord hath not chosen these. Are here all thy children?" And Jesse said: "There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold, he keepeth the sheep." And Samuel said to Jesse: "Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down until he come hither."

And Jesse sent and brought him in. Now, the boy was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look upon. Samuel knew at once that this was the one whom the Lord meant. He could tell it somehow by the look in the boy's face. There was something noble and kindly about him. And Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed him there in the presence of his brothers. What it all meant, the boy himself could not understand. Samuel did not explain to him, I suppose, waiting, perhaps, until some future time to tell him how he was to become king over Israel. And the boy's name was David.

Now I shall tell you how young David made a great name for himself in a battle with the Philistines. Just how long it was after the anointing by Samuel, I cannot say. David was as yet scarcely a grown man, and had been kept by his father to tend the sheep.

In the meantime the Philistines, who had long before made so much trouble for the Israelites, had gathered together their armies to battle. Although they had been defeated before by Saul, yet they had not been wholly conquered, and now they rose up once more, having made up their minds that they would overthrow the Israelites. The time was now coming, when it would be decided once for all which should rule Canaan, the Israelites or the Philistines.

The army of the Philistines was now larger than ever before. Even Saul the king was dismayed. He and the men of Israel were gathered together and set in battle array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and the Israelites stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, a giant, taller than any other man in all the land of Canaan. It is said that he was eight or nine feet high, perhaps the tallest man that ever lived; then, too, he was great and strong in every way, so that it gave terror to the people even to look at him.

As we are told, he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail, and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders, and the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam. And his shield bearer went before him. His name, as we know, was Goliath.

And Goliath stood and cried out unto the army of Israel: "Why are ye come out to set your battle array? Am I not a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man from you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me and kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him and kill him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us." And the Philistine said: "I defy the armies of Israel this day. Give me a man, that we may fight together." And when Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.

This was anything but a cheerful time for the Israelites. There was their king whom they had chosen and who was looked up to by the people, and even he was afraid of that giant, although we can scarcely blame him. But now I come to what young David had to do with all this, because I am telling this story solely on account of David.

You remember I said that David's father was named Jesse, and the three eldest sons of Jesse had gone after

Saul, while David was kept behind to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem. But by and by Jesse became very anxious to hear about his three sons who were in the army. He did not know but that something might have happened to them, and he was aware how dangerous the Philistines were. None other of the Canaanites were much dreaded by the Children of Israel.

And Jesse said unto David: "Take now to thy brethren this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and carry them quickly to the camp to thy brethren, and bring these ten cheeses unto the captain of the company, and see how thy brethren fare." And David rose up early in the morning and left the sheep with the keeper, and took and went as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the army just as the men were going forth to fight.

And David left his goods in the hands of the keeper of the baggage and ran ahead among the soldiers and came and saluted his brothers. Now it was just at this very time when the giant Philistine, whose name was Goliath, had stepped forth from the ranks of the Philistines and spoken those bold words I have told you of, and David heard them.

And the men of Israel said to the boy: "Have you seen this giant that is come up? Surely it is to defy Israel that he has come up, and it shall be that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter for a wife." And David said: "Who is this Philistine that he should dare to defy the armies of the Lord?" And his eldest brother heard him say this, and was very angry with David, thinking that the lad was talking boastfully. And he said to David: "Why art thou come down, and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? Thou hast come down that thou mightest see the battle." But David only answered: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" And he turned away from his brother and kept making the same remark to one soldier after another: "Who is this Philistine that should dare to defy the armies of the Lord?" And as one man after another heard the lad say this, finally his words were carried to Saul the king.

And Saul sent for David, and David said to Saul: "Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight with the Philistine." And Saul said to David, smiling to himself, I suppose: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him, for thou art but a youth, and he a great man of war."

We must not think that David was talking boastfully, because at this time he was a modest lad. But you see, he had self-reliance; he was used to being alone in the country looking after his father's sheep, so that he knew how to take care of himself and not be afraid. Besides this, he had learned how to use one weapon very skillfully, and that was the sling. Now the sling might be just as good as any other weapon in fighting with Goliath; it all depended on having skill and self-reliance. Some people, as you know, never feel able to do anything alone, but usually, when anything important has to be done, want somebody to help them.

David was the kind of a lad who could take care of himself, and had no fear even in doing something alone, if he knew that he had the skill to do it. It only meant not getting excited or being afraid at something because that something was very big. This man Goliath was perhaps not especially dangerous, save that he was a very big man, and could frighten people by his size when they looked at him. It might have been just as easy to conquer him as to conquer any other of the Philistines. The trouble was that the Israelites became just like children; they got scared and could not use their minds.

But this boy David, having the way of using his mind constantly, alone when taking care of the sheep, had no fear of Goliath because he was big. He knew that the Philistine was no more to be feared than any other of the enemy.

At the same time he did not mind it, even if Saul did smile a little, because he knew it looked strange—he, a small lad, offering to do battle with the Philistine. And this is what David said to Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and when there came a lion or a bear and took a lamb out of the flock, I caught him and slew him. Thy servant smote the lion and the bear, and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing that he hath dared to defy the armies of the Lord."

And Saul said unto David, "Go." But first he clad David with his armor, putting a helmet of brass upon his head, and giving him a coat of mail. And David took his sword and started to go. Then, however, he said to Saul: "I cannot wear this armor," and he put it off.

By this time, I suppose, Saul had made up his mind to let the lad have his own way. There must have been something brave and strong about David which commanded the respect of Saul. The boy went forth, therefore, without any armor, clad just as he had been when he came from his father. He had with him, however, his favorite sling. So he went down to a brook and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, and he drew near to the Philistine.

And Goliath the Philistine came on and drew near unto David, and the man bearing the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he laughed at him, saying: "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?" And then, in his disgust, he cursed David, saying: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." And David answered: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a javelin; but I come unto thee in the name of the Lord and the armies of Israel; this day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand, and I will smite thee, and I will take thy head from off thee, and I will give the carcasses of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and unto all the wild beasts of the earth, that all may know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and spear. He will give you into our hand."

You see, what made David so quiet and composed was his perfect peace of conscience. He knew he was in the right, and that the Philistines were a wicked perfect peace of conscience, making people feel sure of being in the right, has helped them to win the victory. And it was to help David now.

And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone and slung it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead, and the stone sank into the forehead of the Philistine, and he fell upon his face to the earth; then David ran and stood over the Philistine and took his sword, drew it out of the sheath and cut off the man's head. And when the Philistines saw that their leader was dead they fled in dismay. Then the armies of Israel arose, pursued the Philistines and won a great victory over them. The real victory, however, belonged to David, in the manly self-reliance he had shown, with his peace of conscience, making him feel sure that he was right in the cause for which he was fighting.

To the Teacher: We still do not lose sight of Samuel. Comment upon his skill in not simply judging by outward appearances. There is a great ethical lesson here which must be fully expanded. The serenity of mind on the part of David should be talked over, as not being weak assertion or boastfulness, but a simple trust in what was right. The second episode of this story, with David facing the big Philistine, but

repeats the lesson of the first episode in the choice of David on the part of Samuel. Make it plain that if David had been boastful or conceited he would probably have failed in his attack on Goliath.

MEMORY VERSE: *The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.*

Higher Living.—XXIX.

"Care, mad tae see a man sae happy,
E'en drooned himsel' amang the nappy."
—*Burns.*

It is of the highest importance, therefore, that a man keeps himself in the most highly vitalized condition for the sake of productiveness. No one can keep in this condition without the rest which comes from self-forgetfulness and the refreshment which comes from joy; one can never lose the capacity for play without some sacrifice of the capacity for work.—*H. W. Mabie.*

Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of pleasure which concealed it.—*Emerson.*

The Shah of Persia refused to be taken to the Derby Day, saying: "It is already known to me that one horse can run faster than another."

It is the truth that makes free. Elder experience can do more against young mistake by inspiring that to which itself has ripened, than by remonstrating against any imminent particular mistake.—*Mrs. Whitney.*

These little bodies will all grow up and become men and women, and have heaps of fun; nay, and are having it now; and whatever happens to the fashion of the age, it makes no difference—there are always high and brave and amusing lives to be lived, and a change of key, however exotic, does not exclude melody.—*Stevenson.*

I remember when I was a child that I used to think that a stick of peppermint candy must burn with a consciousness of its own deliciousness.—*C. D. Warner.*

In one of Nast's Christmas pictures Santa Claus is represented as sitting at a desk, on which are two files of letters. One, reaching well towards the ceiling, is labeled, "Letters from Naughty Children's Parents;" the other, of comparatively moderate height, "Letters from Good Children's Parents." On the wall are seen two pictures, "Naughty Children," in which two romping youngsters are having a jolly good time, and "Good Children," in which a little boy and girl are sitting in a most Sunday-like rigidity, with toes turned in, hands folded and faces fairly wooden with ultra-pious precocity and demureness.

The picture, in its entirety, undoubtedly presents the older conception of what "naughtiness" and "goodness" in children ought to be considered as consisting. Goodness has, until recently, been ascribed to quiet, comfortable, industrious people, and to these almost exclusively. While to him who is boisterous, stirring and playful to the brim, the term "Naughty" has been quite as commonly given. Especially has the child or adult who prefers play to work been thus ignominiously designated.

But more recent studies and discussions seem agreed in finding that it is right for the child to play, and that the adult would be better off were he to play much more than he commonly does. This denotes a decided change of knowledge and opinion within even more recent times. Always, heretofore, it has been rather generally held that play was to be considered simply as one of the instincts of children, and should be silenced and superseded as soon as possible; while, so far as adults are concerned, only the "sports" and possibly the "leisure classes" were expected to have much to do with play, and always with the sure results of lowered dignity and moral tone. Until very recently the higher ideal of life has been supposed to require work if necessary, if not, then idleness, in as serious and sober a manner as conventional standards require.

The recent change in knowledge and opinion has come from skillful investigations of the animal and child natures, and from noting the very important part that play has in their fullest development. It has been seen that the child who is never or seldom allowed to play, either is stunted in some one or more important respects or else is apt to explode unreservedly and destructively, as soon as the repressing influence is once removed. On the contrary it is being found out that the child who is allowed to play a reasonable proportion of his time, develops better muscles, quicker, more accurate adaptability, and even a much wider knowledge of persons and things, than is possible with his quieter brother. Moreover, that his disposition is sunnier, his spontaneous vigor greater and his attitude toward life saner and wholesomer.

Based upon this discovery that the sportive child does better than the precociously quiet, or ever-repressed one, it is inferred, that if adults would allow themselves to become, in this respect, once again as little children, they, too, would continue to grow more symmetrical, more highly adaptive and more wholesome and prosperous in every good way. If this be true, it follows that Higher Living has its right to demand of every one a certain proportion of time for play, and this, without incurring any sort of implication that it caters to a popular fad, or should bear any sort of odium whatever.

Before we can unreservedly assert to this, however, we must see play as it really is, and also what it really does for the participants. In childhood, play is simply a rather universal form of spontaneous expression, which, simply because it is instinctive and spontaneous, knows no restraints or regulations, save those which are developed in the course of the play itself, or happen to be imposed by the demands of law and order. Its main course is along the simple lines of the freest, even the wildest expression of the individual selfhood, and it is not until after this has been experienced over and over in multitudinous ways, that slowly there supervenes the consciousness of certain more or less definite constraints and restraints, which are recognized as coming from the demands of the socius, and are likewise necessary, in order that two or more may play successfully together. Growing out of this is the preparatory social discipline which at last lays the foundations of all that is to be self-directive in after life. Of course, these foundations are so important that no substitute for them can ever be constructed.

In after years, however, it is soon seen that these foundations need to have a kind of superstructure built upon them, which play itself does not provide, namely, the consciousness of a serious purpose to accomplish some end in life worth while, either to the individual himself, or the race, or both. Play, of itself, not vividly suggesting such a serious object in life, does not tend to build character very extensively, after its especial childhood offices have been fulfilled. The rather, it tends to open the doors of seriousness and to let in many marauders of a questionable nature, which, sooner or later, defile both the worker and his work. No adult can engage very extensively in sports of any kind without begetting a sort of restive attitude to the higher demands of life, if not a most dire confusion as to the real meaning of character. Adult play so soon degenerates into a mere habit of play, and no sooner or more fully occupies attention than it mystifies and degrades, that one needs only to be simply a cautious observer and thinker to admit some serious questions, as to whether what is now being so strenuously lauded, may not sometime have to be criticised just as strenuously. The fact is, play like any other form of expression, is valuable or not, just to the extent to which it is intelligently directed.

Wanton surrender to the requirements of enthusiasts, who sit unseemly hours at indoor games, or who neglect duties that outdoor sports may be encouraged or enjoyed, or who become more skilled in play than in some useful calling, is no more conducive to higher living than any other sort of wanton losing of oneself. The real worth of life is self-growth, in order that others may be helped to grow, too. Play, or enjoyment of play, is a means to this but occasionally; and generally needs to be thoroughly subordinated in order to be even this. Like the appropriate dessert at table, in its place, play is not only permissible but eminently useful. To trust to it for full nutrition of spirit is as fallacious now as ever.

In its place undoubtedly, but mostly as the just alternative of work and study, play, both for child and adult, should be encouraged. Moreover, it should be most tenaciously held that both child and adult should, so far as possible, play much together. The child certainly needs the guiding influence of the adult, especially if this be born of the right spirit, and the adult just as certainly needs the leading influence of the child's native instinct to freedom and abandon. Separated, the adult's play rapidly degenerates into gambling; and the child's into distaste for anything else. Together, a better tendency and equilibrium on the part of both is more likely to be secured and maintained.

At any rate this is what the requirements of Higher Living, as now conceived, would seem to be: guidance of the child through his play to an appropriate conception of life's serious possibilities and needs; and, leadership of the adult back to his child nature with all the softening and sweetening results which naturally accrue from this. Thus conceived and experienced play may progressively become a true help toward the higher life.

SMITH BAKER.

Art.

I.

Art's use; what is it but to touch the springs
Of nature? But to hold a torch up for
Humanity in Life's great corridor,
To guide the feet of peasants and of kings!
What is it but to carry union through
Thoughts alien to thoughts kindred, and to merge
The lines of color that should not diverge,
And give the sun a window to shine through!
What is it but to make the world have heed
For what its dull eyes else would hardly scan!
To draw in a stark light of shameless deed,
And show the fashion of a kingly man!
To cherish honor, and to smite all shame,
To lend hearts voices, and give thoughts a name!

II.

But wherein shall art work? Shall beauty lead
It captive, and set kisses on its mouth?
Shall it be strained unto the breast of youth,
And in a garden live where grows no weed?
Shall it, in dalliance with the flaunting world,
Play but soft airs, sing but sweet-tempered songs?
Veer lightly from the stress of all great wrongs,
And lisp of peace 'mid battleflags unfurled?
Shall it but pluck the sleeve of wantonness,
And gently chide the folly of our time?
But wave its golden wand at sin's duress,
And say, "Ah me! ah me!" to fallow crime?
Nay; art serves Truth, and Truth, with Titan blows,
Strikes fearless at all evil that it knows.

—*Gilbert Parker.*

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Christian Teaching in the Old Testament.*

Professor Barton has in this volume provided not a profound work bearing on its face the evidence of wide and intense research, like that embodied in his "Semitic Origins." He has given us rather a book of fifty-seven chapters, each of which is a little talk upon some topic like "The Unity of God," "The Nature of God," "Christ, The Messiah," "The Holy Spirit," etc. Every part, it is true, reveals the scholar, while the treatment is exceedingly simple and unaffected. The several chapters read like the condensation each of a talk to a Youths' Bible Class. And to the reviewer it seems that the purpose the volume may best serve is as the starting point for a course of lessons in Old Testament Theology for the Bible Class of Sunday Schools.

The basis is critical; the author includes in his sources some of the Old Testament Apocrypha. His view-point is that of orthodoxy, as is indicated not only in his treatment, but even in his chapter headings. But the scholar with open mind shines out in the volume, and among those who hold to the literal truth of the Old Testament scriptures there will be some to find light and a larger view of truth from this little book.

GEO. W. GILMORE.

Meadville Theological School.

The Conqueror.

After writing numerous novels, some of which have made the judicious grieve, Mrs. Atherton has, I believe, produced a great book.

Whether in this confessedly embroidered life of Alexander Hamilton the authoress has accurately portrayed her subject as he lived and struggled for us during the crucial days of our infant Republic, I am not now concerned. Let authorities on the subject settle that. But what I mean is that this book (*me judice*) stirs the brain and quickens the heart-beats as only a great drama usually does. "An eagle clangs an eagle to the sphere," and a true creative imagination is required in order to take the skeleton of an epoch such as history is so soon reduced to, and make its dry bones live. This result, if I may judge by the passionate interest with which I have followed every word of this story, Mrs. Atherton has achieved.

The book differs radically from the so-called historical novels with which we have been drenched lately in that instead of assuring us that we are back in its supposed era and then connecting us more or less successfully in association of the time, it succeeds in bringing its hero forward into our lives, making us long to reinforce his fertile brain, to cheer his passionate heart with visions of the twentieth century fruition of his labors. We applaud him involuntarily when he makes a great coup, even in spite of themselves for the poor, trembling, bickering little colonies in the agonies of nation-birth—we long to shield him when he is unjustly vilified and his best efforts calumniated—to keep him back when he is about to make a serious misstep, as alas, he so often does.

We love him as we do Hamlet or Ibsen and Brandt, lamenting from our historic height of vision to think that the defects of his great qualities must be his ruin—seeing that from Moses downward, comparatively small faults in the supremely gifted of God must be visited with what appears to us inordinate punishment, lest intellectual supremacy alone should seem outside the sway of the Eternal Balances.

*"The Roots of Christian Teaching as Found in the Old Testament." By George Aaron Barton, A. M., Ph. D. Pp. xii. 271, 8vo. Phila., Winston, 1902.

Thus Mrs. Atherton seems to me to have put great material to a great use. I know nothing exactly parallel to its effect on my mind, unless it be Browning's Paracelcus, that amazing history of the evolution of a man's spirit from the inside, where the premature death of the hero as in the case of Hamilton and Savonarola only transfers the interest to a sphere where we feel sure that "his soul goes marching on."

To glance for a moment at salient points. We see here how Hamilton impressed his friends, his enemies, his family, but especially *himself*, as the troubled sea of politics engulfed him more and more; now carrying all before him with a sense of triumphant superiority —now, when the refluent wave of conscience swept over his sensitive soul, recoiling before the depths of degradation his sober second thought revealed. Nor, one loves to feel, was he always disobedient to the heavenly vision.

Of course a dramatic treatment of that psuedo-biography is rendered more easy than usual by the actual experiences of its subject.

As we all appreciate now as never before the West Indies, so remote in those days from the country of his adoption (almost as remote as the "vex'd Bermotthes" in Shakespeare's time) offered in themselves a *mise en scene* of exceptional picturesqueness.

> Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
> Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
> Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
> Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

What more magnificent cradle for a champion of romance than a tropical island with its languorous sunshine flecked by storm-clouds which are liable at any moment to burst into furious hurricanes or to deluge the trembling land with lava and ashes from the ever-threatening volcano?—its inhabitants thus alternating between luxurious indolence and feverish activity in providing against impending destruction. What more likely source of power to cope with "foreign war and foes domestic" than the love-intoxicated brain of Rachel Levine, descending as it did from a brilliant and tempestuous maternal ancestry, and sharpened to abnormal impressionableness by a union which although not altogether inexcusable to our more lenient ideas, was yet an open revolt against the social and territorial laws of her time and country?

Seldom indeed has dramatist or biographer found such material ready to her hand, and seldom has such adroit use been made of every rag of tradition that could be made to conduce to the roundness of her hero's figure. If her rapture of praise sometimes almost overtop the modesty of nature, however, neither has she held her hand from depicting scenes in which he fell very low indeed. But exalted or depraved he is always every inch a man, and one's interest never flags from the moment when the grand-material temper separates her from her typrannical husband to the culmination of three generations of tragedy by the bullet of the miserable Burr.

Then, as we hear the frightful laugh of Hamilton's beloved and only daughter as she rushes from the death-scene to spend the rest of her long life in an asylum for the insane, we cover our faces with a sense of ancestral doom worked out as it has scarcely been since the days of Edepus and the added anguish that this victim was *our* patriot, *our* hero. Truly the judgments of the Lord are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out.

I repeat that I have considered this book from an artistic point of view merely. Of course the coincidence of the first attack of Angelia's long insanity with her adored father's death hour is not improbable, *per se;* but it seems almost too perfect a tragic culmination for real life; but as I have not been able to verify the data, I leave it as "The Conqueror" leaves it, a scene almost unrivalled in my opinion for its power of "elevating the imagination by inspiring pity and terror," which Aristotle declares is the object of noble tragedy.

C. S. K.

A New Life of George Eliot.*

It is a happy circumstance that, after a period of abstention, the publication of "English Men of Letters" has been resumed. John Morley is, as before, the editor of the series, and the new start is as brave as possible, with George Eliot for the first subject and Leslie Stephen for the first writer. Mr. Stephen's experience in biography and criticism has been so wide that we cannot but expect from him a good book and our expectations are fully justified by the event. Three chapters, "Early Life," "Coventry," and "The Westminster Review," bring him to "Scenes of Clerical Life." The third of these chapters covers Marian Evans' marriage with Lewes, and the account of Lewes is as favorable as any heretofore received. There is little dwelling on the moral aspects of the marriage. It found Miss Evans a conscious rebel against a law which she believed to be unjust, but in her insistence in her novels on the sanctity of traditional bonds there is certainly an appearance of repentant homage to the violated ordinance. Mr. Stephen's criticism of the various novels is what gives his work its principal value. This, however, has for us few surprises. Certain judgments concerning them have by this time got pretty well established, as, for example, that "Felix Holt" is much inferior to its predecessors, and that the Jewish dispensation in "Daniel Deronda" is far below the level of Gwendolen and Grandcourt. In general the conclusion is that George Eliot is at her best when she is most autobiographic, and consequently in the "Scenes" and "Adam Bede" and "Mill on the Floss" much more effective than in "Romola." "Felix Holt" is supposed to have drained the experience of the Coventry period and to suffer in proportion to the relative imperfection of the vitality of that period. "Romola" affords an opportunity for some reflections on the historical novel which are more interesting than convincing. There are many particular judgments of great interest. One that will get wide approval is that Dinah Morris is not, as George Eliot intended, the center of interest in "Adam Bede." Another will give many pause, namely, that "The Mill on the Floss" would be improved by the omission of Maggie's infatuation with Stephen Guest. A third is in regard to Romola's marriage—that it is less subject to objection than any other that George Eliot brings about. Not but that Tito was a scoundrel; simply that he was such a scoundrel as Romola was likely to love and marry. The general influence of George Eliot is found to be that of her personality, which was more compact of sympathy and tenderness than of any other qualities.

J. W. C.

*George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. New York: the Macmillan Company. 1902.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle." —*Washington Star.*

The punishment suffered by the wise who refuse to take part in the government, is to live under the government of bad men.—*Plato.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Life must be within before it is without.

MON.—Suffering is God's tool to cut life into beauty. He that bolts from trial would shake off the Supreme Designer's hand.

TUES.—No seed in the ground or scud in the air tells a lie. Everything in God's universe rushes to expression and publication.

WED.—Sincerity is a man's truth to his light.

THURS.—Whatever we do, let us see clearer and further day by day.

FRI.—We must not press physical values too far. There are qualities to propagate more precious than crude strength.

SAT.—Man passes for something as well as matter. Matter is that which appears and is not; spirit is that which appears not, but is.

—*Cyrus A. Bartol.*

Open the Door.

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

—*United Presbyterian.*

How Marjorie Found Fairyland.

BY ZELLA MARGARET WALTERS.

"I know it's just stories," said Marjorie firmly to herself as she closed her book, "but I wish things like that did happen. I wish a funny fairy godmother would take me away to a beautiful palace, or a mysterious white bird would fly before me to an enchanted forest, or something."

She had been reading in the meadow and leaned back against the oak tree to think about it. Just then the saucy east wind snatched up her hat and sent it careering through the air at a great rate. At first she did not move, but as the hat sailed on and on a sudden hope took possession of her. Suppose the wind was carrying her hat to fairyland. In that case all that was necessary was to follow it.

It really did seem as if the hat was bewitched. It would settle to the ground and lie until she almost reached it, and then it was up and away again. Across the field, across the road, down the lane, it went, and at last it whisked suddenly over the high fence that shut in the little cottage that she had often seen. With a beating heart she climbed up and looked over. There was no one in sight but a little lame girl sitting in her chair under the big elm tree.

"Please, may I come and get my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" said the lame girl, smiling brightly. "I would get it for you if I could."

But Marjorie did not see the bright smile nor the wistful look that followed her. She got her hat quickly and went out. She felt cross and disappointed because no adventure had been found by following the runaway hat. She went straight home and told her mother about it.

"Of course, I didn't expect to get to fairyland," she concluded, "but I thought something might happen besides just common every-day things."

"Still, you might have got to fairyland if you had known how, and, better yet, you might have taken some one with you," said her mother.

"What do you mean?" cried Marjorie.

"That little lame girl—her name is Laura Randal—has just moved here. She doesn't know any one; her parents are poor, and she has few books or games. If a girl of her own age would visit her, think how perfectly happy she might be made by a little attention and sharing of treasures."

"I see, mama," said Marjorie, and a half-hour later she was ready to start on a visit to Laura. Now Marjorie never did things by halves, and she had her brother's little wagon piled full of things out of which to construct her fairyland. She went down the lane to the cottage, looked over the fence again, and said:

"May I come in, please?"

And again the little lame girl smiled, and Marjorie drew her little wagon in through the gate.

"I've come to stay with you this afternoon, if I may. We will read my story-books and have some fun, and after a while we will have a little picnic. My brother Harold is coming to help us eat. He's good at eating up everything that's left; and, besides, he's a jolly boy, he's just as much fun as a girl."

With this introduction Marjorie began unpacking her wares.

"We'll play I'm a peddler," she said, "and you're a lady. Please, madam, may I come in and show my goods?"

"Yes," said Laura, "if you're a nice polite peddler, and take off your hat, and scrape your shoes at the door."

Laura bought all of the books at fabulous prices, and seemed so eager ta read them that Marjorie declared she would leave them there until every one had been read through. Then they made a comical scrap-book, cutting out all the pictures of people and animals, fitting new heads and bodies together, and what funny effects were produced.

Harold was on hand to take his share in the picnic, and, as the sun was setting, he and Marjorie said good-by, with many promises to come again.

"I had a beautiful time today," said Marjorie to her mother.

"Yes," said her mother, "the way to fairyland is very easy. You just enter the little gate of kindness and go straight on."—*S. S. Times.*

The Boy Who Cleaned Windows.

One of the world's successful men told some young men recently how, when he was a boy working in a hardware store, he wanted to leave when he was put to cleaning windows and the young girls he called on saw him at his menial occupation. The boy complained to his father, who advised him to do the cleaning and to do it to the best of his ability. "If you do whatever is given you to do to the best of your ability," said his father, "your employers won't find it profitable to keep you long at window-cleaning."

This little story reminds us of one which was related last week to the writer by a business man. A boy had come to him desiring a position. He was given one and all went well for a few days. Then the boy was set to work cleaning windows. His pride rebelled, he threw up his job and went home. In a few hours another boy appeared.

"I'm Jim's brother," he announced, "and I'd like to have his job. I'll clean windows or do whatever you want me to do."

"Jim's brother," added the gentleman, "has already had one raise in wages and is one of the best boys we ever had."—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

NEW ARRIVALS AT TOWER HILL UP TO JULY 22: Miss Kate B. Potts, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Brown, Bloomington, Ill.; Miss Ida Schiffen and Miss Elizabeth C. Buhmann, Chicago; Mrs. Charlotte M. Galletly, Janesville, Wis.; Mrs. Marion Thompson, Austin, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Graves, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. A. W. Freeman, Chicago; Miss Grace Stewart Potter, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Jones and four children, Wymore, Neb.; Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.; Mr. Morris Neumann, Chicago; Master Walter S. Brown, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. C. E. Westover, Madison, Wis.

The Tower Hill Summer School.

For the thirteenth season Tower Hill has stretched forth its loving arms and called unto the weary, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." The message has been heard and accepted by the discerning, responsive ones, who have come from the tiresome rush of the city and from the petty annoyances of village to "renew the mind and refresh the body."

To those who have spent other summers here, there has been the pleasure of revisiting familiar loved spots, but to the uninitiated there has opened up "a new heaven and a new earth,"—various pleasant surprises await one, from the exhilarating view of a sunset from the hill top, revealing the beauty of the river and valley below, to the quiet and the peace which may be found in the valley.

Tower Hill is a real democracy, a place where one may be free to live his life as he pleases, though that high ethical development seems to have been reached where the individual interests do not conflict. One may come simply to rest, gain strength and inspiration from nature, to experience "life exempt from public haunt, find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything," or, he may do, as most who come here do, join some of the classes in the summer school and gain added strength from books and the personality of the leaders.

Sunday, July 13, was Inauguration Day, Nature Sunday. Services were held at 10:30 a. m. in the pavilion, addresses being given by Dr. Libby, of Wisconsin University; Rev. Margaret Olmsted, of Cherokee, Iowa; Mr. Geo. A. Brown, of Bloomington, Ill. After the picnic dinner in the woods another service was held in the afternoon, Rev. Albert Lazerby, of Chicago, being the principal speaker, gave a most scholarly and thoughtful sermon on "Otherness." Mr. Hodgin, of Humboldt, Iowa, and Mr. Olmsted, of Decorah, Iowa, also gave short addresses. In the evening, at the vesper service, Mr. Lazenby gave the first of his series of Scotch readings, giving us some tender and touching scenes from Ian Maclaren's "Bonnie Brier Bush." Mr. Lazenby gave us two other readings this week, one on Tuesday and one on Thursday evening, being selections from Barrie and from Maclaren, delighting all who were fortunate enough to be present. These readings were interspersed with selections from Scotch music given by the young folk of the valley.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the head and heart, has been leading the class in Sunday school normal work, and also the class in Literature. The work of the Sunday school, ofttimes unsystematic and uninteresting, is made a live subject under Mr. Jones' leadership. Every morning a lesson is given from the six-year course on the "Growth of Christianity," giving a view of the struggles of Chrisianity from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

In the literature class Mr. Jones has taken up Shelley, giving readings and interpretations.

Miss Buhman is daily making field trips with the Nature Class, and the various life on the hill is gradually being discovered and named—birds, trees and flowers receiving especial attention. Mr. Olmsted is to give us a stereopticon lecture on "Bird Life," on Friday evening.

Had not pre-arrangement been made for a term of study at the University of Chicago we would be tempted to remain here for the rest of the summer, instead of becoming lost in a big institution.

This rare bit of nature will teach us to better appreciate the beauty of the woods wherever found and will lead us to study and enjoy our own Des Moines River and its bordering woods near Humboldt, where the same kind of birds sing the same songs as here, and where the hills, though less high and picturesque, nevertheless tell the same wonderful story to those who have ears to hear. Our Des Moines River, while not so large as the Wisconsin, is better for boating and bathing, being less swift and treacherous. Our woods furnish every year a resort for campers seeking rest and pleasure, and have from time to time added the feature of culture through its assemblies. Perhaps some day a permanent summer school will be established as at Tower Hill, and good things will come out of Humboldt too.

At Tower Hill we have found a something "to have and to hold" through the months of strenuous life that are to come.

CLARA BICKNELL HODGIN.

Tower Hill, July 17, 1902.

Vacation Notes.

PROVIDENCE REVISITED.—Though abundant evidence meets the eye that it is a busy, growing, up-to-date city, there is still a certain old-world flavor about the capital of Rhode Island that is altogether charming. It impresses itself especially on the visitor who, after an absence of many long years, comes back to it fresh from the aggressive newness and restlessness of Chicago. The very name of the city, when one remembers whence it came and what it stood for, seems to give one an uplift. Such designations as Benefit street and Meeting street plainly belong to the far-away, whether of the past or the future one hardly knows, but when one sees a modern trolley car approaching and reads in letters of gold across its front that its destination is Friendship street, one wonders if for a nickel one could be landed in the heart of Utopia or the Happy Valley. Methinks we do not always appreciate sufficiently certain elements in our vast inheritance, and it is good to be reminded now and then that there are spots in our own land rich in that very suggestiveness, that human and historic interest, that we seek at such cost of money and effort across the sea.

So I gladly accompanied my cousins on Sabbath morning to the old First Baptist Meeting House, erected in 1775, and in its old-time interior sitting in a straight-backed pew, it scarcely seemed anything out of the ordinary that in the pastor's prayer his first petition was for the life of the English king. Perhaps, in fact, I received quite as much from the silent suggestiveness of my surroundings as from the pastor's homily based on, or illustrated by, the somewhat similar experiences of King Edward VII and the lamented German emperor, Frederick, though that was not wanting in excellent points. Right glad was I to note his emphatic statement that the "crown of life" we are heirs to is not something outside of ourselves, something external put upon us, that might be possessed and lost again, but the crown of hard-won character, the inalienable possession of a noble, sanctified manhood or womanhood.

At the same church in the evening it was an unexpected pleasure to grasp once more the hand of Dr. Albert A. Bennet for twenty years an earnest, able missionary to the Japanese, whom I had last seen as a young man just leaving his *Alma Mater*, Brown University. In simple, earnest words, Dr. Bennett told the little company not kept away by the rain, something of that wonderful religious movement started in Japan at the beginning of the new century by the resolve of certain native Christians that a concerted effort should be made to give every individual in the empire a chance to at least hear the story of the Christ.

Monday was given to the libraries under the guidance of a young lady cousin, who, fresh from college, is now turning her thoughts toward library training and library work as a possible career. Pembroke, the women's college connected with Brown University, was closed so that I could not see its attractive library and reading-room, described by the young graduate with much enthusiasm. Down to Brown University itself we then took our way. Sayles Hall, with its many interesting portraits, detained us for a little while and recalled some of the college halls in Cambridge and Oxford. Here are portraits of Charles II of England and his queen, of Nicholas Brown, the early patron of the University, and of its long line of honored presidents. What I was not prepared for was to see Channing's portrait hanging there in a place of honor next to Bishop Berkeley.

The University Library did not detain us long. It is an old style building arranged on the alcove plan about an utterly inadequate octagonal reading-room, and is very much cramped by lack of space for both books and readers. Its Harris collection of American poets would have tempted to detailed inspection had time allowed. As it was we stopped only to look at the Whitman shelf and see how its volumes compared with

my own modest collection. In older editions of Leaves of Grass the two collections were nearly parallel, but the university copies contained various autographs which added distinctly to their value. On the other hand, certain more recent collateral publications like the In Re Walt Whitman and the still more important Notes and Fragments, had not yet been acquired by the University.

Descending toward the business portion of the city one comes, near the foot of the hill, to the Providence Arthenæum. This is an excellent example of the old proprietary library still fulfilling an honorable function in the community. Very pleasing at this season externally are its gray walls in their setting of creepers and shrubbery, while the simple, well-lighted interior with its colonial finish of white paint offered an attractive refuge from the summer glare and heat. The librarian, Mr. J. Leroy Harrison, my classmate at Albany, pointed out with not unreasonable pride the added accommodations secured from what was formerly waste space in attic and basement. Quite an acquisition indeed is the very successful little art-room, the central feature of which is a handsome carved cabinet enclosing the library's chief treasure, the original miniatures of the famous Malbone Hours. This cost the Athenæum $1,300, but no one can say how much greater a sum it would bring now if thrown upon the market.

This completed our morning and pedestrian circuit, but in the afternoon a trolley car bore us to the other side of the city and the fine new Public Library. If I have seemed to dwell on the old-time aspects of Providence, here at least is good evidence that its people are not asleep. This building, long desired and planned for, and occupied less than two years ago, while less ambitious and ornate than the public libraries of Boston or Chicago, is thoroughly pleasing in its architecture, and embodies some special features that are eloquent as to the high ideals and aims of its honored librarian, Mr. William E. Foster. Its children's room has a national reputation, at least among librarians, and a most attractive room it is. A large second-story front room with high sunny windows filled with plants. Below these are the open shelves of convenient height with their well-chosen books which the children can carry away or read at the low tables that fill the room. Here, too, are the duplicates from which teachers may draw ten books at a time for supplementary reading in the schools or for the home use of their pupils. Beside this free access to the shelves there is a simple card catalogue in diminutive drawers which the children are taught to use.

The central feature of this room is a large bulletin pillar which is a sort of pictorial calendar of the seasons, for here may be seen, month by month, reliable representations of the birds and flowers characteristic to the season, with the date of their first appearing. Here the little folks learn to know the "wild flowers" and their "bird neighbors," and hither they come to identify any new specimen that falls under their keen-eyed observation.

Adjoining this room is a smaller "class room" with reference books and many pictures. Here any teacher may bring her pupils for the study of special topics, and if previous notice be given, the library's resources in the way of books and pictures bearing on the subject will be placed at her disposal in this room. Here in cupboards are collections of framed pictures which not only serve to vary the exhibit on the walls from time to time, but are loaned like books to the children whose homes are destitute of such uplifting decorations.

The presiding genius of this department is Mrs. Mary E. Root, a mother herself, in love with her work and possessed of a rare gift for winning the confidence of its youthful patrons. "I am sure," she says, "that the work we are doing will render the rising generation more at home in a library, more capable of independently using its varied resources, than are most of the adults of today whose helplessness in the quest of what they want is often very striking."

The idea of special collections or libraries in separate rooms, so emphasized by Dr.Poole in his organization of the Newberry Library, finds here too notable exemplification. On the same floor with the children's rooms are the French books, the "standard library" and a large lecture-room used also for exhibition purposes. On the third floor are the "industrial library," much frequented by boys as well as men, and the art department. The latter includes an excellent collection of musical scores and sheet music. Here, too, may be found, at least for the present, a special folk-lore collection and the Harris collection of anti-slavery publications.

The "standard library" is Mr. Foster's pet collection. Of it he says that the three fundamental requisites born in mind have been "ideal quality, inviting aspect and inspiring character." The shape of the room, long and narrow (41x12), was neither a makeshift, nor a survival, nor an afterthought, but was distinctly planned from the beginning. It gives, as will be readily seen, two parallel rows, one of books and one of seats. Upon the wall is the inscription: "The books invite you not to study, but to taste and read.'" It is, as its name would imply, a small, carefully selected collection of editions of the world's best books in the domain of the "literature of power" as distinguished from the "literature of knowledge." In the ancient classics and in foreign languages works in the original tongue are accompanied by the best obtainable translations. A suggestion of its "standard" may be found in the fact that but three Americans, Emerson, Hawthorne and Lowell, are included here. Its users thus far, Mr. Foster reports, embrace three classes. "First, the casual visitor, drawn to it first by curiosity, and returning to it repeatedly through stronger and stronger interest in it. . . . Second, persons of all ages and grades of advancement who are engaged in study, from a grammar school pupil to the graduate student in college. . . . Third, the man or woman who buys as well as reads books." "I need not say," he adds, "that here is one phase of this work which promises rich results in the future. We have strong hopes—well-founded hopes indeed—of being able through this agency to develop private book-buying. It is a habit which, unfortunately, has fallen into a certain decline throughout the country."

Adjoining this is the lecture and exhibition room already mentioned. Here at the time of my visit Mr. Chester F. Stiles, formerly editor of the Photo-era, was arranging a large classified exhibit illustrating every phase of the development of the photographic art. Mr. Stiles is the man who with his camera made a special trip to photograph the first sunrise of the new century from the summit of Mount Washington. The beautiful and interesting result was included in this exhibition.

Of the more usual features of this library there is no room to speak, but one further detail I cannot forbear to mention. The book stack is of steel fire proof construction shut off from the rest of the building by iron doors. On each floor of the stack is a sort of roomy chest containing a dust bin, opening into an air-shaft up which a ventilating fan draws a strong enough current to carry off all the dirt from the books that are cleaned here regularly once a month. To the visitor from a library where loads of black dust must be blown from almost every book handled only to fall again on everything in the vicinity, such facilities and system in book-cleaning seemed a very enviable possession. M. E. H.

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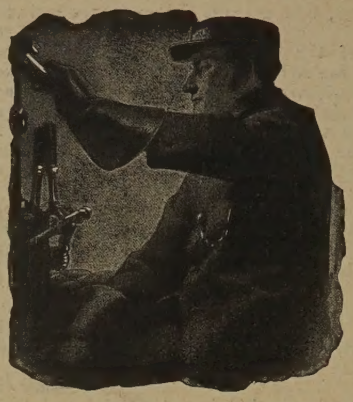

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